



T H E
Effects of Love.

A new Song.

O ! Love is hot, and Love is cold,
And love is dearer than any gold ;
And love is dearer than any thing,
Unto my grave it will me bring.

O when my apron it hung low,
He followed me thro' frost and snow ;
But now I am with-child by him,
He passes by and says nothing.

I wish that I had ne'er been born,
Since love has proved my downfall ;
He takes a stranger on his knee,
And is not this a grief to me.

I wish that my dear babe was born,
And dandled on its daddy's knee,
And I in the cold grave did lie,
And the green grass grew over me.

Ye Christmas winds when will ye blow,
And blow the green leaves off the tree ?
O, gentle Death, when will you call,
For of my life I am quite weary.

Unloose those chains love, and set me free'
And let me at liberty ;
For was you hear instead of me,
I'd unloose you love, and set you free.

